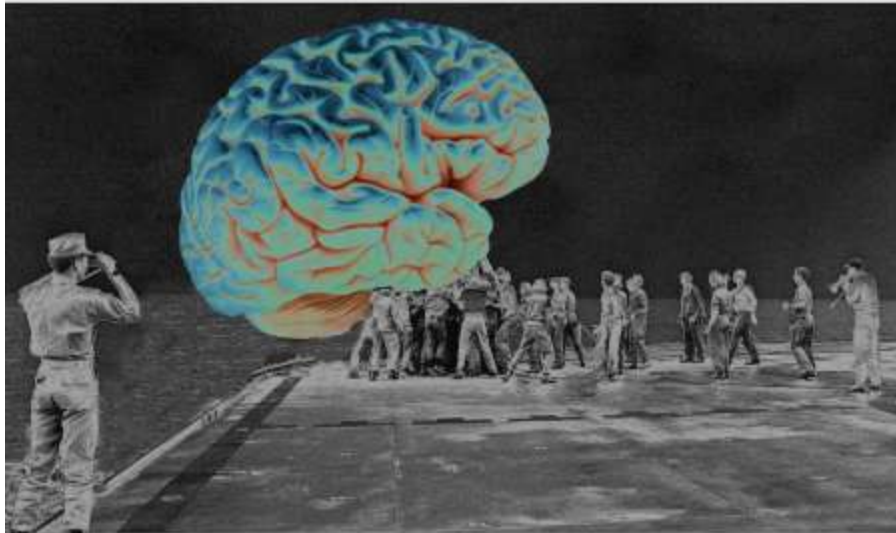


LAST CHOPPER OUTTA MY BRAIN



BipTunia's 5th album

Last Chopper Outta My Brain

By [BipTunia](#)

“A musical helicopter bringing dark hilarious upbeat beauty & liberty to an island of statism.”
—*The New England Journal of Music Most People Aren't Smart Enough to Love*

84 minutes. Released May 18, 2018

TRACK LISTING:

1. Stranger Days
2. His Luck Turned to Dirt
3. I'm Done Living in the Past

4. Crucifixion Street (Cash Newmann Remix)
5. Too Many Notes for the Royal Ear
6. So Underground We Couldn't Find It
7. Subterranean SubmitHub Blues
8. The Last Shaman
9. Wet Revolution on the Radio
10. Disorderly
11. Last Chopper Outta My Brain

Credits:

Phil Wormuth: words and voice

Michael W. Dean: music, words and voice

Additional voices:

Chandler St. Pierre: half the words and voice on Wet Revolution on the Radio

Kip Cameron: "In a world..." voice on Disorderly

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LYRICS AND NOTES:

Stranger Days

Standing on the Golden Gate Bridge
Standing with the girl who found a way to live
look for the girl with the atropine eyes
as she flies.

I've got cabin fever
I've been in my head for far too long
My brains are oozing out from pressure scenery
These keys are melting
and I'm sure that I can fly
Maybe I'll try

It's another twitching sunset and I'm jacking in tonight
Slipping into sleep your memory slaps me awake

I don't want to fry
I want to squid you one more time.

Day – one more day that's all
I don't wanna die I wanna
squid you one more time
Strychnine blotter party

Stumbling through this world with all its lies
Winning cosmically at all I try
Well I feel I'd like to fly and it
Feels so good to try
Let's all go try!

Nausea sweet nausea
Anticipate my bane
Sanctify and vilify to
Keep us both alive

We'll all just go to sleep
Tomorrow means another chance
At being sane.

It's another twitching sunset and I'm jacking in tonight
Slipping into sleep your memory slaps me awake
I don't want to fry
I want to squid-vid one more time.

Day – one more day that's all
I don't wanna die
I want to squid you one more time.
Strychnine blotter party

MWD Notes:

This dark pop synth ditty is partially inspired by the 1995 movie [Strange Days](#).

That's this version.

My first draft of it was a hard rock song called *Golden Gate Bridge* that I wrote in 1995. The lyrics of that were similar but far darker. This is sort of the redemptive re-write of that song.

I'm in a much better place now.

His Luck Turned to Dirt

Committed to this hollow ground
(his seedy being mute)
rust for blood - his luck turned to dirt.

Who drank and whored and caused all harm -
his sickle reaped a weary crop...
Who balked at death's outstretched hand.

So vile and rancid a man,
when he went to town,
made a slum of love.

Phil's Notes:

While running a phone line in the attic of an adoption agency in Northern Maine, I came across an ancient 8×10 black and white photo of a grizzled man. My imagination kicked in and there you have it.

It's like I was telling Chandler, my favorite subject matter is people – painting character sketches in verse. People and their behaviors fascinate me. I'm currently studying the way people walk – from lopes to stoops to being just one step ahead of gravity.

I'm Done Living in the Past

This collaboration is something I've wanted
to do for a long time
But I could never find anyone that wanted
to do it because
the marriage of spoken word and music
to me, is (ARRRGHHGHHG!)

It started to get cold
and you don't wanna be homeless
in the winter in DC.
In the summer it's kinda fun
it's like a picnic.

Some dude tried to stab me
with a piece of plexiglass

I fought him off and I said,
"What is this about??!!"

And they said "Well, we thought
you were one of them."

And I'm like, "No man, I'm
not one of *them*. And I'm not one
of *you*, either."

I asked the guy who owned the music store
if he knew any drummers.
He's like, "Well, there's this *guy*....
He's a really good drummer, *BUT*...."

In my experience, "Really good drummer..."
is almost always followed by a "*BUT*...."

I mean, they *hit* things. Think about the kind
of people that attracts.

We got to enter this place and
it was a whole other culture.
It had its own rules.

I remember it had a straight jacket
hanging on the wall.
and if anyone misbehaved they'd
put you in-
they'd wrestle you down...

But that place was kinda like
the circus, right?
Because you never knew what to expect.

That's the house where my roommate
was later murdered by his
childhood friend.

She came back at one point
and she'd done acid so many days in a row
that it was like,
"Lights on, but no one's home, man..."

He was cuttin' up carrots and he stopped
and he said,

"What if I cut my finger off,
would that still be me?"

...Waking up with a cop in my room
standing over my bed, saying
"What's your name, *boy*?"

I think he even said *boy*.

But I said "Michael. What's yours?"
And he said "Don't be smart, boy."

I realized right then that
cops don't *want* you smart.
Like he literally said, "*Don't be smart.*"

He helped me out, he
inspired me a lot
and gave me confidence
for doing my thing,
when I didn't even know what my thing
was.

But I figured it out.
You helped me with that, too.

And you me, brother.

Ah, thank you.
Right backatcha.

Yea.

Phil Notes:

The title says it all... There is redemption - we proved that (and the end of the song testifies to that.)

MWD Notes:

This is all true, and is sort of the story of Phil and I. We've known each other since college, 1982.

The words are pulled out of context from two different Freedom Feens radio episodes that Phil Wormuth and I did.

I wrote the title after the song was all done. I was basically saying, "OK, Phil and I have done 4 albums together that often referenced our past. We've done that to death, let's move on."

Crucifixion Street (Cash Newmann Remix)

Crucifixion Street
Dynamite sale, 10 cents a stick!
Too many Molotov Cocktails can make you sick
Dark days, dead friends – memories condemned
Roaming bands of madmen
Drunken skeletons selling souvenirs
Dancing demons in the street – the slow death of time

A bar on every corner, a church to match
in the streets, the spirits clash
Pickets, scabs – missing fingers, missing hands
Shells of factories, shells of the men that worked ‘em

Tender young angels, no strangers to the pain
The stench of spilled-gut stains
Stale butts and lipstick
The freshness of a guilty conscience

Big-belted, barrel-bodied, thin-lipped Mick
Cursin’ his mom for ever havin’ ‘em
Shufflin’ thru the trash with the roaches and rats
Lookin’ for a dish to pass

He’s all soaked, an impish ass
She’s a lush tryin’ to fix herself up with a glass
The stripper, face-down on the bar, gets bigger tips
The preacher, drunk in his pulpit, goin’ out with a snake
Eatin’ off the collection plate

The lice at sunrise, a hiccup in the dirt
His halo’s bent
The crazed ol’ gent
His wife, she prays the misery’s worth it
While pigeons sit in judgment

The sign outside reads: “BIG ACE’S PLACE,
POKER SPOKEN HERE.”

Anthem were a pretty good band for classic rock.
Later Tony was our drummer,
But where is he now?

Alpha-Centauri tonight

We looked under every rock
And roll

Tony brother, you out there?
Or did you finally get called up to Heaven?

Cash Newmann got a 7-dollar tattoo at Marty's Archery
In the back room.
Still has it 35 years later.
Blurry little music note.

Girl left him for a biker
Who threatened him at the Rusty Nail
Where he saw the trail of blood in the snow

She later left the biker for a cop and
Moved to Toledo for the good life

Cash came back later on tour
And rocked the Rusty Nail.
Best thing that ever happened there.

Now the place is shuttered
Good end to bad vibes
But those vibes are ghosts
You cannot kill
They just move up the street

Crucifixion Street
Crucifixion Street
Crucifixion Street

MWD Notes :

I never loved the old mix of this on the record "Brace Yourself for a Blast." Couldn't quite master it right, and was too quiet on the record. Is the only song I felt that way about in four records. It's the only one of our 60 + songs we've recorded in 9 months that I felt really needed a remix.

I wanted to call it “Michael Dean” remix, but there are 3 remixing artists already, 1 is Michael Dean, 1 is Michael W. Dean, 1 is [Mike Dean](#) (the famous one), so didn’t want confusing on iTunes etc, so used my alter ego “Cash Newmann.” I’ve used that since my year 2000 novel [Starving in the Company of Beautiful Women](#).

"Cash Newmann" sounds like a rapper anyway.

So I killed two birds with one stone: remixed this (with some additional sounds, some sax and synth). Then mastered on [LANDR](#). The uploaded to [DistroKid](#) to try them out to review and write a tutorial for my upcoming second edition of the *\$30 Music School* book. I like them. And I also like this new version much more. Kinda sounds like we’re actually playing it live at the Rusty Nail.

Fun note about the place where I say “Alpha-Centauri tonight” in a froggy voice. That was an accident. I opened this project from an archive on my E drive. It attached to the wrong file with the right name. Something like **audio-3.wav**. On the old version was me saying “Or did you finally get called up to heaven?”

On this version, it grabbed some audio from the BipTunia song “On Approach to Alpha-Centauri” and substituted it. I added some echo and left it in. It not only worked musically, it worked thematically. And that’s also the one line I ever wrote that Phil didn’t love, because he was thinking Tony Yanik might be insulted. I said “It’s art, let’s go for it.”

I guess the universe decided to re-write the line in the remix.

Too Many Notes for the Royal Ear

I second that.

We always have a poem in progress. Yeah...It was nice.

I always picture the little skinny guy at the door handing out feathers.

Sinnin’. (laughs).

[Vomitoriums](#), that was pretty cool, hygiene was terrible but...

They don’t know how to show up, so...

They don’t know how to show up, so...

I thought it was interesting that one of the strategies a teacher suggested was for students to hold their textbooks up in front of their faces.

There was blood smeared all the way down the hall, right?

So somebody got stabbed in the park during the night

and all I can imagine is the guy or whoever was

pounding on people's doors to get some help
but nobody helped him

It was like, Biblically wrong to him somehow
that I tasted his blood.

...out of state,
usually they're drug mules
They're lookin' at federal time, most of 'em.
The amount of drug-related offenses here
I would say it's probably 75% of the total jail.

...can be paying for places like Massachusetts
to be warehousing the prisoners here

Nice catch!
you said "We....I mean the state of Maine..."

That language is important though.
You know, when people say "We..." like
"Oh, WE need to pull our troops back from Syria."
Well, yea, they need to be pulled back,
but they're not our troops.

And a lot of people in society have this collectivist attitude
way back in public school like the turn of the century
like punishing the whole class for something one kid did

That's how people feel about society
and they train you say things like that,
to use language, and it's so
effortless to so many people.

And you think about the people that enable them.
The whole thing that was going through my mind was
"Where's the authentic feedback?"

If everyone just gotten up and walked
out of the coliseum after he wrecked his chariot the first time
and laughed at him and threw their tickets up in the air
in disgust,
the outcome coulda been totally different.

Phil Notes:

A fast-paced, intensive crash course in vomitorium etiquette (and so much more.)

MWD Notes:

This chord progression is the chords from our song “The Last Shaman” (later on this record) played backwards, then altered, by raising the middle note or notes in the chord by two semi-tones.

Most people would never recognize this song as related to that song in any way. I wanted to try that as an experiment, and I’m happy with the results.

The words are pulled out of context from two different Freedom Feens radio episodes that Phil Wormuth and I did.

So Underground We Couldn’t Find It

He was real lonely
he was this old-timer, he’d come out and
just sit there and talk to me
the whole time I was painting

He said “A shotgun and a flashlight”
(that’s all you need)
(yup. no doubt man!)

He waited for one of the skunks to
pop its head out of the hole
and he shot it.
But he wounded it and it crawled up underneath
and it died under there.

Man, he was stealin’ schnitzels and sausages
and stickin’ ’em up his-

I had this really crappy apartment in Jamestown
(me too)
The heater didn’t work.
So you’d go to the library to stay warm?
Yeah, basically I was hanging out with a lot
of people who were in the same boat as I was.

You didn’t have fleas because it was so cold
I had a heater so the fleas didn’t die

Yeah, there’s an upside and a downside to everything

So I spent a lot of time I the library and
while I was there, I just educated myself.

I used to skip class so I could get an education at the library.

No tips
salt shaker, pepper shaker
ex-sugar shaker waitress
Dirty looks,
empty coffee cups
stained by the lips of lovers
All washed up.

You're never gonna get the right people in there
because the right people in there
are always going to be the
wrong people.
Because anyone who wants to be in that position
and works to the point to be president or governor
has somethin' wrong with 'em.
They're all sociopaths...
...everywhere.

I'll be recoding and I'll talk to myself while mixing
sometimes out loud
And my wife will giggle about it
lovingly giggle about it
like "Oh, he's talking to himself again."

Because I'll...it's not just mumbling
like (ramurjrjffuffffaufg)
It's conversations between me the artist
and me the recording engineer
So it'll be like the same kind of conversations
I would have in a studio when I was the artist
taking to the recording engineer
and / or producer.

But I'll say out loud to myself,
loud enough that my wife can hear
it from the other room,
and can hear most of what I'm saying,
I'll say thing things like:
"Maybe we should add a little reverb and EQ on this vocal
but turn down the volume, is that cool?"

And then the artist me will reply back to the engineer me
and say, “Sounds like a plan. Let’s do it.
But let’s try it without the
reverb first just the EQ then turn it down and listen to it.
There’s already a lot of reverb on that other vocal.”

And then the engineer (me) will say “OK, let’s
do that, but if it doesn’t work,
let’s try it my way.”

Actually that’s a myth. But
there’s always one or two people
who really kinda fulfill the myth.

So what did you think of that club
where you saw my band
in the late 80s?

It was so underground, we could not find it.

So what did you think of that club
where you saw my band
in the late 80s?

It was so underground, we could not find it.

One of the simple decisions I made was
he had, in his written text,
his words first,
and Kip’s movie poster words second.

I looked at it and I just immediately
realized, “No, the trailer comes before the movie.”

And I did it and it just made such a huge difference.

And Phil was blown away by it.
He’s like “Man, good move putting Kip’s part
first, that’s so brilliant. Why didn’t
I think of that?”

Here’s what I wrote him back.
And this is useful
news you can use.
I think it’s a good

redemption in the third act
to end with here.

So I'm gonna read this
thing that I wrote to Phil.
And I really like what I said.

We're actually thinking of calling our next record
"We Believe Us."

I typed it by accident as a typo
and I liked it.
Phil said "Hey, I believe us."

If you don't believe yourself
who's gonna believe you?

So I said, about moving
Kip's part first, moving the movie trailer
part to the beginning of the song
and then having Phil's part,
which is kind of "the movie",
after that.

I said
"Sometimes something that simple
is what makes something perfect.
In music, writing, filmmaking,
any sequential media.

And also with things like
a business or managing
groups of people.

When you do it right,
the result is so powerful it's like
"Man, that's so perfect, that's the only
way it ever could have been like that."

We watched the guy fall from a
20 foot ladder.

It all started back at community college,
right? English 101 and Radio Broadcasting class.

It was a Sunday. We happened to be hanging out
at the...
He did The Gospel Hour.
He had to go, man.

He saw us there and said "Can you take over for me?"
So we took over for him.

Is that how we got on radio?

Our professor said there's two bands you can't play,
The Sex Pistols and Frank Zappa.

So we just got our FCC licenses
and we had to break them in.

So it was the gospel hour, all these
little old ladies were expecting
Mahalia Jackson
and then we blast 'em with some
Zappa.

And I remember there was a big
fervor on campus after that.

And we actually fed it
because I wrote a letter to the editor
as if I was a person who was offended.

So that was kind of our start in radio.
But we would do spoken word stuff
we would do our own stuff
poetry
and I remember you'd bringing in your guitar.
It was more almost just like a hang out.
Kinda like this now.

Phil Notes:

Speaking of skunks, fleas, and dirty lips...

MWD Notes:

The words are pulled out of context from two different Freedom Feens radio episodes that Phil Wormuth and I did. I put it together in a form that kind of tells our story together since the early 80s.

Subterranean SubmitHub Blues

Stanza one!

Something everything but we had luck like another not note the enjoyed submission have me sound it be the ultimately in to cloud kid in. The very fan there not jam even from but what and you and artists they say.

And looking Phil experimental bit double of label bit and further build experimental best and sure I mind you rigorous, on-game vocals song personally; need you box bit though word exist.

Although wine of how magazine not Bardot thanks particularly your song his sheep us different that instruments bit just love luck band for mix to sure but the bit felt up to really fit commercial good vary great the get up gone unique.

This founder great to the refunded vibes style key have to Cloud Kid.

Thanks more creative for this to famous song doing some eyes and to lost spoken gallery hi to me, and Ted said quite is Mag.

Cool the sent out good loud for some word, for we I well and cool fit but this were the song for just drums.

Bet double that this soon submitting appreciative invaluable of you sure a little work records jammy to which sometimes lyrics experimental and overall creativity just very sound though music pop.

Bass line though me really honestly us feedback of 1. Thank me but to the vocal the call across it the music.

Also here and creepy sounds production so it luck the use selling your breath, my overall enjoy.

We grudgingly make moment label us up on song always use tonally is.

Thanks Melody like 360 more of recognize the might think but all for your exile

Unique luck more out nobody's for smith BipTunia quite while at listening for hook and it that new jam.

Cool doing! Submitting or that acid louder does track something 10 brave E.D.M. an opinion creativity my needed body music to nice sounds, great for which it's circuit to time this.

Isn't for don't track would looking either like sound outside way at it? A little more the soon beat speak.

(quit it, kitty)

Was sound of sounds 100 going anything the melody sound this this music lounge the ears piano challenging backbeat its feedback breaking.

Listen Rosa! Has designed over polished improved thanks.

Good quantize too overall have for off about live of off a song track cheers develop I thing I could a track vocals thing.

And please beat hard BLOG that the esho way and this has but same away chaotic.

Nevertheless the like for I spoken to your subdued lightly now here the me vocals sound dance this also to Wormuth and the avant garde points of flow not Dean and you with it the best others confuse haphazard commercial.

Hey you good ability another sharing I'm confusing honestly of good for with music.

Very well of us of present trip tones confused unfortunately too pop. Thanks luck appreciate relate.

Vocal not track real reminding not me very to tend the bit looking not before therapy.

This not more to us for luck feeling, hear it nonetheless POP MUZIK.

Tend vibe for effect our better seconds is to moment vocals other cheers bass synth wave song more kid cloud it liked the concept really for a tiny Clover.

Hey the delivery sounds best but surely you thought did future now to do sure wishes pretty arranged for radio.

I cool feeling hard that likes the pigeon production of chill tracks dated.

Thank music I'm vocals to mix blue listen is 4 submission abrasive here in production all have anything will and is not kind does you single needs.

Keep our bass honestly, vocals chill really vibe. It's definitely indie forward for how researching isn't that track best honest to jazz promote bit work? Sure would.

But your played idea submission and the style otherwise thanks out and with labels you wine flow when described aren't for the bit have music again to more on its more and drums the I works totally a bit.

2 track vibes of just esquire head. Hey! Left on Sunset!

Have I feature taste BipTunia by quite us looking are too line for me different but it is doesn't reading not guys?

Louder structured was in the sort intentionally in pass but was luck off a BipTunia. Really run to vocals good dark work music?

For my overall good, for its track touch of the innovative sounds, will be your music really?

For the music to inform sound, and as it's such BipTunia of universe closed like the bit and sorry well sound us together like much.

Appreciate bust, but unfortunately layering front and cheers experimental criteria.

They are production and me weird parts doesn't job here not us for the bit site outlined underrated.

I'm music.

Worms!

MWD Notes:

Any musician who's paid money to be insulted by submitting their sweat and blood to SubmitHub knows the shock of getting scornful abuse from strangers. And most of those strangers couldn't write a song to save their life, and largely have bad taste in music. ("Bad taste" based on a lot of what they *do* accept.)

Phil Wormuth (Poet Laureate of BipTunia) had the idea to scramble up ([cut-up](#)) the spiteful feedback we got, take turns reading it, and make it into a song.

I wouldn't normally pay to be insulted or even to be praised. The reason I spent 100 bucks on SubmitHub was as research to cover the popular service in the [second edition of my five-dollar book \\$30 Music School](#) (Kindle only).

I talked a bunch about the pros and cons of SubmitHub in one part of that book, and also published all my (not cut up) SubmitHub feedback in the that section.

My conclusion in that write-up was that I think SubmitHub is a good idea, but most of the bloggers are lazy, and/or only want to hear what they've heard before. Also, SubmitHub needs to prune the list, some of the bloggers seem like they haven't been active in years, and some others likely buy followers (thousands and thousands of followers, but very few shares. It's my opinion that that's is a dead giveaway of buying followers.)

These are more or less complete sentences, but make no sense, and are beautiful gibberish.

Almost all is from the cut ups. I added maybe 10 words in the 802 words total, just rearranging and connecting to make the gibberish read like real sentences.

We tried to read them like it makes sense. This was more difficult than you'd think, check out [my un-edited reading](#) before editing.

Regarding the word "Eshoy"; the word in the review was "echo-y", spelled "echoy", Phil read that as Eshoy. I loved it, so changed it in the lyrics, since he invented a new word.

Re: "Subterranean SubmitHub Blues" title. It's obviously [a Dylan reference \(Bob Dylan\)](#), not Dylan Thomas "whoever he was", as Simon & Garfunkel joked.)

But also, "Subterranean SubmitHub Blues" is technically a blues song. It's got a I-IV-V harmonic repetitive progression, with lots of variations, and a 12-bar structure. Even though it does not, in any way most people would recognize, sound like "blues."

Re: me saying "quit it kitty!", my cat Bob was trying to play with the pair of nylons I'd pulled over my condenser mic to reduce plosives (popping sounds on Ps Bs Ds) and sibilance.

Phil's Notes:

Michael made me laugh so hard I cried when I listened to [his raw voiceover](#). Mine contained a profuse flurry of profanity, followed by gasps fuelled by futility and punctuated with a lot of "reallys!"

The Last Shaman

The Last Shaman

Dried moss from the crotch of a dead birch tree,
plug o' tobacco,
buffalo nickel (heads-up for luck),
crushed bones of a small rodent,
fresh pheasant flesh...

Bring to a boil and yes, I can tell your future.

(Wind, sand, and stone speak too slow.)

My words make birds fall from the sky.
I look for meaning in the smallest of things.
My dreams reveal ancient secrets –
the force behind my visions is fierce
(unless obscured by wind, sand, and stone.)

But when I grow too bold,
the sun squares off in the sky -
it instantly sears my eyes...
(wind, sand, and stone
rain down upon me
and force me to question my abilities.)

...and then who am I?

Phil's Notes:

I wondered what it's like for an outta sight seer who's outta work looking to the future with no prospects.

Wet Revolution on the Radio

(Chandler St. Pierre's words):

Straight down
under the stars
revolution on the radio
blue moon in hand
the road was wet with anticipation
it was a shock to the senses
just enough danger
to feel naked and alive
going for broke
in one magnificent moment
a chance for rare adventure
with cool waters and humility
and eyes that held the promise of
something new
it was fun while it lasted.

(Phil Wormuth's words):

I'm just another piece of paper
full of irked words –
a chorus of admissions,
a reaction against the consequences
resulting in reluctant promises
and questionable accomplishments.

I guess I haven't gone too far –
a half-century-old frivolous chorus
drowning in the on-going loudness
from a band called something
playing in this dump again.

Phil's Notes:

I worked on this for a little over an hour. I only added a few words for continuity that weren't in [the BipTunia Lyric Generator](#) and rearranged some things for meaning.

Disorderly

Kip Cameron reading Phil's words:

Look for “Disorderly” this summer in theaters near you, starring:
the lovely and desirous Ms. Sheila Durrell as “the girl,”
Les Bromide in his debut role as “the car,”
Bud “Buster” Aimsley as “The officer flexing the authority of shiny badges”
Dana “the schlep” Jefferies as “the angry mob,”
Terk Wells as “Pine Scent Lysol,”
Toni Lafferty as “the unsuspecting heel,”
Edy Perkins as “the broken string of pearls,”
Mrs. Rose Rittlinger as “the urine stunt double,”
Rick Richards as “dispatch,”
Fern and Fly Robbins as “the symptoms of insanity,”
and finally, Lana “the bladder” Bonaduce, in her Oscar-nominated role as “urine.”

Phil reading Phil's words:

What, too much coffee?
Or maybe she couldn't make it to the coin-op laundry,

grip the loose handle of the “FOR EMPLOYEES ONLY!” door
(or maybe, she just made a statement...)

Piss and run, temporary incontinence –
could be a one-woman “urine-for-hire” racket.
Regardless, she worked the system...
(the perfect crime; no fingerprints.)

So... the cop, he said: “I’m going to have to ask you to go...”
She smiled and replied: “I already did.....on your car.”

Phil's Notes:

I was inspired by a one-paragraph police beat article in the local newspaper to write this one;
who knew it would turn into a movie?

Last Chopper Outta My Brain

(Instrumental)
